

POETRY.

COLONIZATION HYMN.

Mr. J. D. Weston.—Cleveland, O., July 4th, 1839.

Tune.—Zeuner's Missionary Chant.

Insulted Africa! lift thine eyes,
Thy Sovereign hails thee from the skies,
The mental darkness of thy night
Must break, before the dawning light.

Thy gods unnumber'd, and thy thrones
Of tyrant chiefs, his power must own:
Religion, Science, Arts of Peace,
Return again, to crown the East.

A Nation ransom'd from her bonds,
A Christian band of Africa's sons;
Thy long-lost children, God restores,
To rear his temples on thy shores.

Where Memnon's statue half'd the morn,
Where Arts, and Science, first were born;
Where Carthage built her giant tombs,
Where Land, and Sea, breathe sweet perfumes—

There, wand'ers from your fatherland,
Go, plant your standards on her strand;
A Nation's prayers, a Nation's laws,
A Nation's arms salute your cause.

Egypt rejoice! Arabia sing!
The tidings round the desert ring,
That Africa, once enslaved, and trod
By tyrants, owns no power but God.

Let Ethiopia stretch her hands
To Him who counts her golden sands,
And weighs her mountains in the scales
Which justice holds when truth prevails.

From Atlas let the echo fly:
Back, thro' the Equator's burning sky;
Nor let the pealing anthem rest
On Southern coast, nor golden West.

Swell, swell, Jehovah's praises high!
Along barbarian shores, nor die,
'Till round the Tropics' golden sands,
It breaks, on Eastern classic lands.

MISCELLANY.

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A RETIRED STEAMBOAT LOGIST.

I am advised to visit a very infirm pauper in Burke, by the name of Jenkins. He is described as being a very intemperate man in language as well as habits—he has been for many years afflicted with paralysis of the extremities, supposed to have been induced from exposure, and an acute affection of the spinal column—and is now threatened with ankylosis. I have my doubts whether I can relieve him—but I am certain a vapor bath will do him no harm.

I visited the old man, and he very politely received me in his very humble and unpresenting hut; and having stated the object of my presence before him, he appeared somewhat reflective and uncertain to express any opinion, whether I should undertake his case or not. But he was not *solus* long.

"Well," said old Stephen Jenkins, "may be you can cure me—but suppose I was cured, I would then be compelled to go to work—and as I am now, why the charity of the county supports me—I believe I won't be cured—I am used to these old crutches; and I can curse who I please; drink as much as I please; and sing 'Cooney in the Hollow,' without the least annoyance—then why should I want to be cured? I have no pains—I'm now only a cripple. Do you think old Stephen will ever suffer in Burke, while corn grows and hogs are raised? Do you think this little shanty is not as pleasant to me as the large houses in Waynesborough? Why, Doctor, I'm the real Stephen Jenkins, Esq.—squire, of Burke!—can get corned the oftenest—talk the highest kind of politics—and cheat uncle Robert out of the prettiest gin cock-tail—why, doctor, you don't know this child! I'm Stephen up to the handle! Cure me? Why doctor how you talk! Did't Verdery make a flash at me? Did't all the doctors in Burke physic me—and you talk about boiling my old legs straight! Tush, man, drive on your sulkey! You can't cure me—you shan't try—I've heard of you Scriven; you shan't straighten my legs; and make me go to work, no how you can fix it. I know you're mighty lucky—and perhaps if you were to cure me, I should be worse off than I am now. Hoeing corn is not fit work for old Stephen—I don't want to raise Multicaulis—I'm a real republican—I eat what I get—and wear what I get—and go to bed and get up, without thinking about short crops and high prices! Look here, Doctor, don't tell the folks I wouldn't let you cure me—say you did't see the old man."

I left him—he was too hard a customer for me. I saw his situation—he was beyond the reach of surgery, fiery ordeals, and moral discipline. A few days after, we left the neighborhood of *Sod-om*, and passed on.—Augusta Daily News.

RAIN.—The planets move in their orbits according to fixed laws. We expect the return of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter at regular periods; and we know something of the causes by which they are produced. In a word, many of the phenomena of nature occur at fixed periods, and are produced by causes which are known. This, however, is not true of the rain by which the earth is fertilized, and which is so essential, not only to the comfort, but to the existence of animal life. The justice of God never visited the earth with a more terrible scourge than *famine*. How unspeakably important, therefore, are these refreshing showers, but for which the whole earth would be more barren and desolate, than the deserts of Arabia. Yet these showers do not descend at any fixed periods, nor are they produced by causes operating with perfect regularity. The philosopher may calculate the precise moment when the Sun or the Moon, or even the moons of Jupiter will be eclipsed, but when rain will refresh the parched earth, he cannot tell.

It seems as if the Creator had determined, that in relation to one of the greatest blessings, man should be compelled to acknowledge a superintending providence. The same causes, as far as we know, exist when the earth is withered by drought, as when it is covered with "pools of water." Yet their operation is suspended. Let the wisest tell, if they can, why the earth is parched at one time, or one place, while at another time or in another place it is saturated with water. Yet will any maintain, that this matter is left to blind chance? The irregularity and yet the incalculable importance of rain, seem to point to the hand of God as bestowing or withholding the blessing. "He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." This blessing is mentioned by Paul and Barnabas as God's witness against idolatrous nations, when "he suffered all nations to walk in their own ways." Nevertheless, he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons,

filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts 14: 17.

If, therefore, we have not "the early and the latter rain," to whom shall we look? Elisha, the prophet, when it had not rained for three years and six months, prayed to God; and the rain was sent. Let us learn, therefore, to thank God when the rain refreshes the earth, and humble ourselves before Him and pray, when it is withheld.

How frequently we hear men complain of too much as well as of little rain—never seeming to remember that they are murmuring against God. When will men learn to see and acknowledge the hand of a benevolent God, in their common and yet most important blessing?—*Pro. & Herald.*

FRYING EGGS.—Schaeffer, the dancing master, is now dead; but the memory of his waggery has survived him. He was once a boarder at the Lamb Tavern, Boston, when that house was the resort of sundry gentlemen of the Legislature. A party of the last had returned one evening from one of Potter's exhibitions; and while talking what they had seen, in the presence of Schaeffer, confessed that nothing puzzled them so much as the feat of frying eggs in a hat. The *modus operandi* of Potter's other tricks they thought they had detected; but this particular feat quite exceeded their comprehension. They could not, for the life of them, see through it. "Why, gentlemen," said Schaeffer, joining in the conversation, "I can't agree with you. It really strikes me that this trick of Potter's can be imitated with the greatest ease imaginable. If any gentleman here will accommodate me with the loan of his hat, I will do it in a moment, and if I do not succeed, I will forfeit a bottle."

All were eager to see the performance, and every hat was held out. Schaeffer took the hat of one of the most strenuous doubters, and, deliberately broke into it a dozen eggs. He then muttered the usual incantation: "presto, presto, change," &c., at the same time whirling the hat pretty vigorously, in order to give the contents a good stirring up. He then looked into the hat with a face apparently full of confidence, which was instantly changed into a blank, stupid stare, on its being ascertained that the contents of the hat remained without change; the hat, meanwhile, being pretty thoroughly soaked under the operation. Having gazed for some moments at the rueful plight of the chapeau, Schaeffer recovered from his apparent astonishment, and at length exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say it, but I have lost the bet. But I declare I thought I could do it."

Garters.—Very few persons have any idea that mischief, as well as convenience, is attendant upon the careless use of those little confidential agents employed to preserve propriety of place in the nether covering of the nether members. Though their use be sanctioned by fashion and custom, it is not without its dangers, whether above or below the knee. The parts compressed by them acquire an unnatural hardness, and increased fatigue is produced upon every exertion of the legs. Dropsies of the legs and thighs, also frequently arise from this unsuspected cause; and hence, also, many stumbles, dislocations, and injuries of the knee pan, are effected.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mile.—The following exhibit of the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries, will often prove a matter of useful reference to readers.

Mile in England or America,	1760 yds.
" Russia,	1100 "
" Italy,	1467 "
" Scotland and Ireland,	2200 "
" Poland,	4400 "
" Spain,	5028 "
" Germany,	5865 "
" Sweden and Denmark,	7233 "
" Hungary,	8800 "
League in England or America,	5280 "

A sailor belonging to a man of war, having been for his good behaviour promoted from a foremast man to a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his captain to receive his commission at the admiralty office. Jack went accordingly, and thus humorously describes his reception: I bore away, says he, for the admiralty office; and on entering the harbour, I espied a dozen or two quill drivers; I hailed them; the devil a word says they. Hello! again, says I; the devil a word says they. Shiver my top sails, but what can this mean, says I.—Then I takes a guinea from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, Hello, again says I. Oh, hello, quoth they. Oh, the devil! cries I, you are like Balaam's ass, are you? You could not speak until you saw the angel.

A young fortune hunter, went to consult a lawyer, how he might safely carry off an heiress.—"You cannot do it at all, with safety," said the lawyer, "but if you see me handsomely and implicitly follow my advice, I shall protect you safe from the law;" with this the gentleman complied, when the lawyer said; "let her mount a horse, and hold the bridle and whip, do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The lawyer was however, sufficiently punished for his advice, when next day he found that it was his own daughter that run away with his client.

"Ah, Eliza!" said a puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets. "Ah Eliza! had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you." "When I was an infant," returned the damsel, "he did; but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

How to stop a Newspaper.—Call at the office and fork up arrears and order it stopped, like a man, and not refuse to take it out of the Post Office and sneak away like a puppy.

A man who had a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry after her, said she was pretty well in general, only subject at times to a *breaking out at the mouth!*

"Here's to internal improvements," as the sick man said when he swallowed a dose of Peter's Pills.

"That goes against the grain," as the farmer said when the wind blew down his wheat.

"What do you think of my taste?" as the fly said when he got into the man's mouth.

"You'll kill me with kindness," as the rat said when they fed him with ginger bread and arsenic.

"They've discharged me by thunder," as Cannon said when the democrats of Tennessee Polked him out.

COLONIZATION AND ABOLITION.

An elaborate work on these topics has been written by Judge Brackinridge, of Pennsylvania, and may be shortly expected to be published. The Judge has had the advantage of a long residence in the South, and, being by birth and in his prejudices a Northern man, is qualified to hold the mirror up to the citizens of both sections of the Union. We are permitted to make the following extract, which seems to refute, though in very respectful terms, some of the ideas of Mr. Adams in his late letter to Mr. Phelps:—*National Intelligencer.*

"I shall conclude this chapter with some observations on the distinctive character of the colony of Liberia. In its origin and in its principles it is entirely unlike any colonial plan of ancient or modern times. It originated in motives and with objects entirely disinterested on the part of its founders and supporters, and, like similar efforts in the great cause of humanity, the bible society, the temperance, the education, the peace societies, belongs exclusively to no particular country, but to the whole world, wherever individuals may be found to contribute their voluntary aid and support, including the princely donation, the widow's mite, or the martyrdom of health and life in personal devotion to the cause. No incentive of profit or interest, ambition or love of power, actuates its members either individually or collectively, and the only claim which they assert for the authority they at present exercise over the colony is the right to see that the donations made by them, and the valuable purchases of land effected through their means, shall be fairly and wisely applied so as to accomplish the benevolent objects for which they were designed in the establishment of an orderly, virtuous, free and prosperous colony of people of color.

This authority is sustained by no physical force—it cannot continue a moment longer than the colonists themselves are satisfied with it; while, in the meantime, all the essential administration of the government in all its branches is in the hands of the local authorities, chosen by the colonists themselves. The lands of the colony have been obtained by fair purchase from the native kings on principles at least as honorable as the famous treaty of William Penn, and which gave him in the eye of reason and justice, a more respectable title than the paper charter of the king of England. The society is independent of the government of any country, while the colony exists only for itself and for the benefit of the colored race here and in Africa. How unlike that great incorporated company, established with the most interested views, with the monopoly of the East India trade, under whose cover Great Britain has been enabled to effect those vast acquisitions of power, and territory, and dominion, which, at the present day, she exercises without the necessity of disguise, the sovereignty being openly annexed to the British Crown! Is there any resemblance here to the Colonization Society, or the Colony of Liberia? It appears to me most strange that to the enlightened mind of one of our most eminent statesmen—a resemblance should have presented itself; and still more so that he should object to those characteristics which peculiarly entitle Liberia to our esteem! It has no charter—the Government has no finger in its concerns—the society authorizes the colony to make war! The latter is, indeed, true, but with the addition of three little words of great significance—"in self defence"—which implies that the society disapproves of all wars, except such only as are founded upon that right which belong to every man, singly, or in community, and which also belongs even to the humblest reptile that crawls upon the face of the earth! All the good resulting from Colonization, present and future, is and will be on the side of the African and his race; and, excepting the grateful remembrance of benefits bestowed, we look for no return that may not be equally shared by all other nations and individuals."

* Mr. J. Q. Adams—Letter to Mr. Phelps.

LETTER FROM REV. G. S. BROWN, LIBERIA.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—My soul is exceedingly anxious and all on fire to write to you a long detail of facts and circumstances with regard to affairs in Africa; but it may save you some trouble that I am so situated that I cannot consistently do it.

I have only one evening to write to all my friends in America. I am in the midst of confusion, and about thirty miles from Monrovia, and Captain Taylor is to sail in about two days for America. I am now in my small thatched-house with mud walls; and God laid my floor nearly four thousand years ago. But glory to Jesus, my soul is happy in God! I have fifteen American men laboring in building me a framed house, which we raised last Friday. It will probably be finished in about three weeks.

The inhabitants among whom I live are all heathen born, and heathen by practice; but the powerful influence of the colony and missionary operations have more than half civilized many of them. Among them are the Pessah tribe, to whom I am sent. On looking around, and travelling in the colony, and among the natives, since we left America, we are more and more convinced that the Colonization cause is of God, and that every thing that opposes it, tends to oppose the Gospel among these heathen tribes. Sir, I am sure that if our beloved brethren who oppose Colonization were here to see what it has done, they, every one of them, would be strongly in favor of Colonization.

King Tom told me yesterday that he was willing to be a servant of servants, if he could feel as he had seen American Christians feel who worshipped the American God. King Bango says—"O that I knew God like the Americans! I would give up war." Washbon, a Mandingo chief, says, "I have been in the colony to-day, and seen more than all that ever I heard before." I asked him what he had seen. "Why," said he, "I have seen the Americans worship Grippah more consistently than all other worshippers that I ever saw."

O doctor! every thing is encouraging with us, as you will learn in other reports from our brethren. I bless God for what my eyes behold, and for what I feel in my own soul. Glory to God!

Please to continue to give us your prayers, and your labor will not be in vain to this mission. Dear sir, will you please indulge me with the privilege of saluting, through your interesting Advocate and Journal, the donors to the Liberia mission, and of expressing for them my highest regard. And through the same medium please suffer me devoutly to beseech the whole Church to pray for us, and especially for me, who truly needs more grace than any other man in the mission, except Brother Seys: for I am separated from my brethren, and am in the midst of a people who are sitting in the region and shadow of death. But thank God I am here, and life and immortality are beginning to be made manifest to this people.

Last Sabbath I preached through an interpreter; and of all other days, except that in which I was converted, it was the most interesting. Some laughed at the good news, others wept for sin, and many others inquired what they must do to be saved.

O may the God of the Gospel roll on the car of redemption till all flesh shall see the salvation of God! Farewell in Christ. Affectionately yours, Heddington, Liberia, March 13.

GOOD TIDINGS FROM LIBERIA.

"We have had a sweeping revival in Monrovia the two last weeks. I have never known the work of God more generally diffused among the tents at a camp-meeting than it was among the houses in this town. For the space of eight days business stood still, and the shop, and the store, the office, and the farm were all neglected, and due attention given to the more weighty matters. During the whole of each day, and at all hours of the night, the woods and dwellings were resounding the groans, prayers, and rejoicings. The sound of new-born souls fell upon the ear from all directions. Almost every house in the town was a praying temple; common inquiry when we met at Church was, who and how many have been converted at their own houses or in the woods to-day. Men and women would be convicted in the Church, and leave it apparently unconcerned, and the next news we would hear would be, 'Behold, he prayeth!' and this soon followed by the glad tidings of a soul disenthrall'd."

Our town presented the aspect and air of a camp-meeting; the Methodist Church, the stand and altar. The house represented the tents.—Shouts were heard at day break, mid-day, sundown, and night, from the dwellings of the inhabitants in all quarters.

The work was principally confined to men who are heads of families; and all, as one man expressed it, 'Real candid sinners.' I do them no injustice when I say, they were ring leaders of Satan's militia in Monrovia. Many of them, in addition to saving their own souls, will be in several respects important acquisitions to our Church.

The anniversary of our missionary society took place about a week ago. In proof of the genuineness of the late powerful and unprecedented work of grace, I will mention that we raised one hundred and sixty-five dollars for the missionary cause—one hundred and forty of which is pledged for the support of a missionary from among the colonists, to be sent into the interior, to be as the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' &c.

The meeting adjourned for three weeks, at which time we expect to raise nearly as much as we did on the first evening.

Those who have visited Liberia, and feel an interest in its welfare, will rejoice to hear that Dr. Prout and all his associates are among the subjects of our sin-killing and soul-saving revival.

In truth the adversary has been entirely defeated in attempts to check the progress of the work. His last effort was in the garb of an angel of light, (a favorite and successful scheme;) but by the demonstration and power of the Gospel truths he was foiled; and now we have peace throughout our borders. Monrovia is emphatically evangelized, and there is little to fear from without.

An old native woman, familiarly called 'Mummy Betty,' whose father was the original proprietor of this cape, and who has been wife to two kings, was converted a week since, and has attached herself to the Church. Several other natives were converted, and have joined our Church.

This colony is in a more prosperous state now than it ever has been. Business is looking up, and the town improving in appearance. Provisions have been abundant. A sugar mill has been erected, and several hundred pounds of sugar manufactured. The farmers are now decidedly the best farmers. Coffee, in considerable quantities, has been produced this year.

The spell is broken; death no longer spreads a gloomy influence around. We have great reason to rejoice, and much to be thankful for."

S. M. E. GOVERN.

ALTON, JULY 31, 1839.

I left St. Louis last evening to spend a day or two in this place. Four Colonization meetings have been held in St. Louis, two of them very large. The citizens resolved to secure, if practicable, \$2,000 for the Society, and appointed a Committee to solicit donations and subscriptions. The collection and subscription obtained at a united meeting of the several christian denominations in the Methodist church on Sunday evening last, amounted to \$300. To raise the amount proposed will require activity and energy, but I HOPE it will be done.

At one of the meetings, the Missouri State Colonization Society was organized in union with the American Colonization Society, and a resolution adopted recommending the formation of auxiliary societies in every county.

The growth of St. Louis is wonderful. Rents are enormously high—a moderate sized two storied brick house renting for six or seven hundred dollars. Many hundred houses are now going up, and all is bustle and energy. The country on the river, both below and above the city, is very rich and beautiful, adorned with some of the loveliest groves and parks I have ever seen. The grounds around the arsenal, two miles below the city, are particularly attractive, surrounded by a high stone wall, enclosing from fifty to a hundred acres, smooth and green, and adorned with fine trees. The farm of Major O'Fallon, above the city, is still more beautiful, and would be invaluable, could it be bought as a public ground for the citizens. The means and facilities for acquiring property are great at St. Louis, and many individuals have risen and many are rising rapidly to wealth. Above St. Louis, on the Missouri on the one hand and the Mississippi on the other, spreads out a vast and most fertile country for a thousand miles, to which the tide of population is setting with astonishing energy. The attention of many emigrants is now directed to the Rock river country, Illinois, and to Iowa, than which there are perhaps no regions of greater promise and beauty.

It is becoming fashionable for parties to leave St. Louis in May and June on an excursion to the mouth of the St. Peters and the Falls of St. Anthony. The boat will go and return to St. Louis in about a fortnight, and I am told the voyage is most delightful. You pass through the most enchanting country in the world; and I have no doubt in a year or two, hundreds will start from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Cincinnati, and Louisville, to enjoy the pleasure of a visit to this till but recently almost unknown region.

The Catholic church has much property and several interesting institutions in St. Louis. The Hospital, which does not depend upon Catholics exclusively for support, and which admits the sick of any and every religious creed, is under the immediate supervision of the "Sisters of Charity." It can accommodate more than one hundred sufferers. Several good Hospitals are greatly needed between New Orleans and the mouth of the Ohio.—The Government should build them.

The Convent is a handsome building, and its inmates conduct a large school of young ladies.

The Catholic College has not far from a hundred scholars, and the teachers, all I believe of the order of Jesuits, have a high reputation for learning. Their zeal, activity, perseverance, and energy, are very remarkable, and as far as I have observed, these qualities, with a certain quiet but effective policy in their intercourse with the world and the management of their affairs, distinguish them every where. They study neither men nor books in vain.

This and the country farther West, is the land for men with small means and large families. Instead of feeling surprise that so many come to it, I more wonder that half the young farmers of New England can resist the motives for emigration to the Far West.

G.

Our second Christmas and New Year in Africa have arrived, and we are still happy in the performance of our work, or I should rather say, in the attempt to perform it, and the increasing conviction that we are where God would have us be. Our school is flourishing and increasing. There are about thirty names enrolled in the male department. The female department numbers eleven, eight of whom are natives. Some of my little ones are very engaging, interesting children. Five or six are between five and eight years of age, but though so young are very happy and contented. Since the doctor left, I have had twelve native girls, but four have either been taken away by their mothers, or induced by them to run off. Their running away is one of the trials we must expect for some years; Mrs. Wilson, though she has been here so long, still has it to bear as frequently as I have. Two of her scholars have lately been united in marriage. They are both members of the church, and continue to reside at Fair Hope, 'their education not being completed.' We expect to get Mrs. Thompson before long as assistant teacher. Mr. Thompson died about three months ago, a truly penitent and changed man, we have every reason to hope. We are having a second school house erected for the accommodation of the girls, part of which Mrs. T. will occupy—her being here will be a great assistance and relief to me. Mr. Byron teaches the scholars to sing, and it is delightful to hear them sing hymns in the school room; they have, as is usual with their race, good ears and good voices. Mr. Payne procured me two more native girls a few days ago; we have named them *Thomasia Meade*, and *Susan G. Smith*. All my girls except Susan and Grace are supported and named by Virginians. I wish the Sunday school in Chestertown would send me a name. The expense is about twenty dollars per annum. Last Sunday morning being our day for church here, I had religious exercises with the girls in my own room. In talking to them, I particularly urged upon the older girls the superior privileges they enjoy, and the danger of neglecting or abusing them. It was long before I could use language simple enough to be understood by my hearers. My intelligent Sunday scholars at home had spoilt me. A few months ago I wrote by a Salem brig, which was going down the coast, on account of a serious palaver between the colonists and bush natives. All is quiet and peaceable again. The palaver has not yet been set, and trade with the bush is still suspended, but instead of an injury this has proved an advantage to the colony. The colonists have been obliged to attend more to the cultivation of the land, and are now in a more prosperous condition than since we have been here. I scarcely need repeat that we are very happy. We have some privations to endure it is true, but many comforts and enjoyments to counterbalance them, and though in a heathen land, we are blessed with many religious privileges. We have church here every other Sunday morning, and every Sunday afternoon at the Cape. Mr. Minor and Mr. P. preach also at two native towns every week. Sunday evening we have a prayer meeting, and Wednesday evening one at Tubmantown; there is also the monthly concert, which we enjoy particularly, from the reflection that so many of our fellow-christians are uniting in spirit with us. After frequent disappointments, we have at length heard from home. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel to receive such joyful tidings. That I should hear you were all well and happy, was more than I had dared to hope, but God has been better to me than all my fears. The clothes for the children are just in time to save me some trouble. We clothe in American style all who remain eighteen months. The unbleached domestic will be very serviceable as also the calico. I cannot express how grateful I feel to all my friends, from whom I have received new proofs of kindness and liberality. Tell the dear children I read their names on their work with great pleasure; I am afraid there is a little feeling of vanity or pride mingled with my gratification at so much being done by my 'own people.' But indeed I cannot help feeling proud of as well as grateful to them. Our garden is very flourishing, it will soon supply us with all the vegetables we need. We have also between fifty and sixty fowls—no trifle, I assure you, for Africa. A few nights ago we were aroused by a disturbance in the poultry yard. The next morning two pigs and a calf were missing which had been carried off. The track of a leopard was plainly visible. The natives travel with a lighted stick at night, to avoid encountering the leopards; they run from fire light. So that with a lantern I feel quite secure, to go over to Tubmantown every Wednesday evening to prayer meeting with Mr. Payne. Since my last date I have taken another native girl—she is about seven years old, her name is *Francis Payne*; I have several promised, who are yet infants. There is one reflection which prevents my feeling unmixed pleasure at the increasing number of my girls, and that is the increased responsibility which thereby devolves upon me. Oh! that I could be more faithful in the discharge of all my duties. We are all well except Mr. Byron, his fever continues obstinate, though not violent. We feel very sensibly the disadvantage of being without a physician, particularly with new cases. We are looking anxiously for the doctor and his bride. Our hands are full indeed, but soon we hope to have the assistance of the reinforcement from America. The Mary Paulina, we hear, has gone home, and left our letters, &c. at Fernando Po. She had better have taken them back to America, we would have received them sooner. Our despatches must be on board early this afternoon, therefore I have only time to say farewell. If we never meet more here, I trust we may have a blissful meeting in our father's house above.